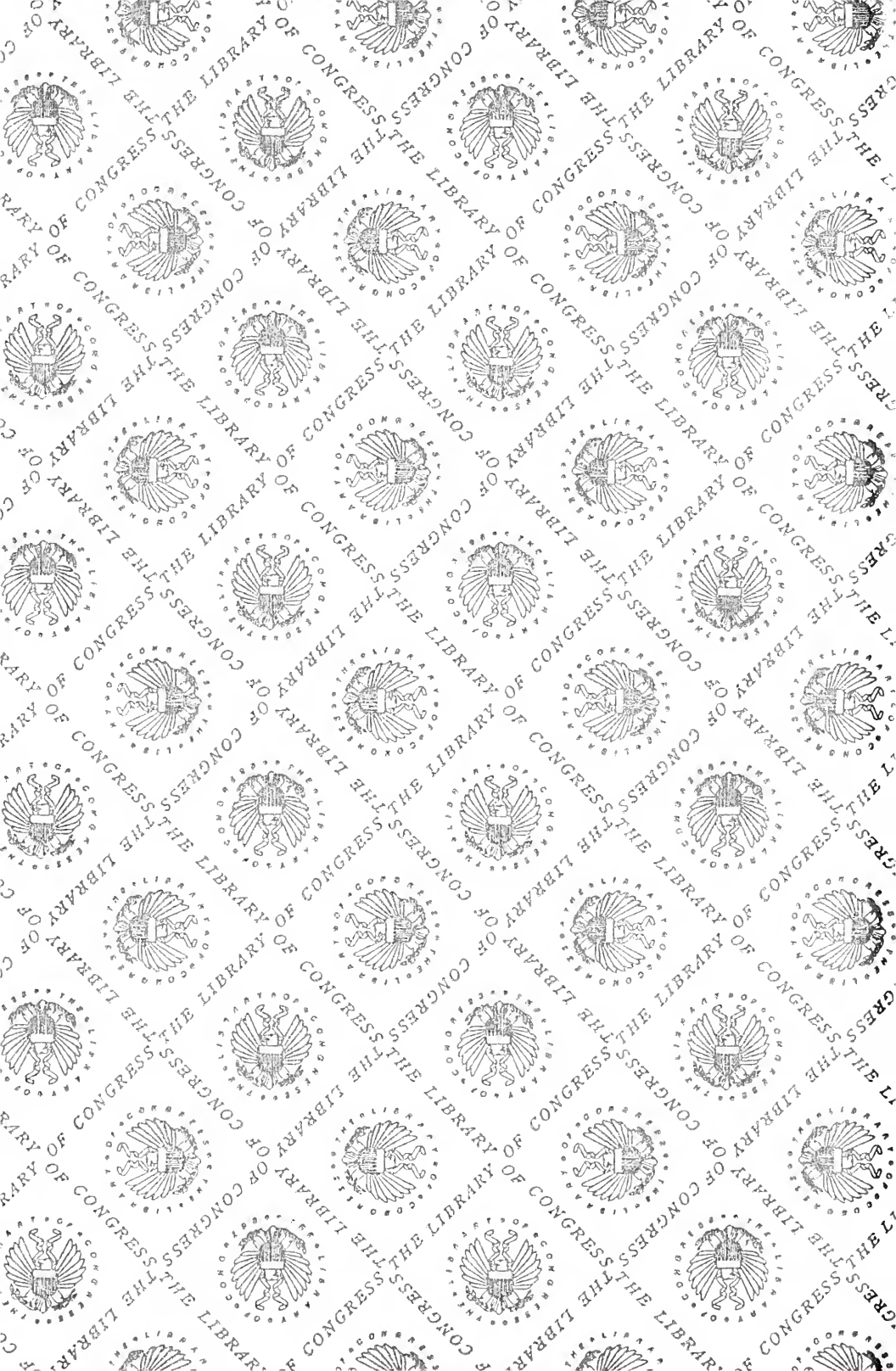
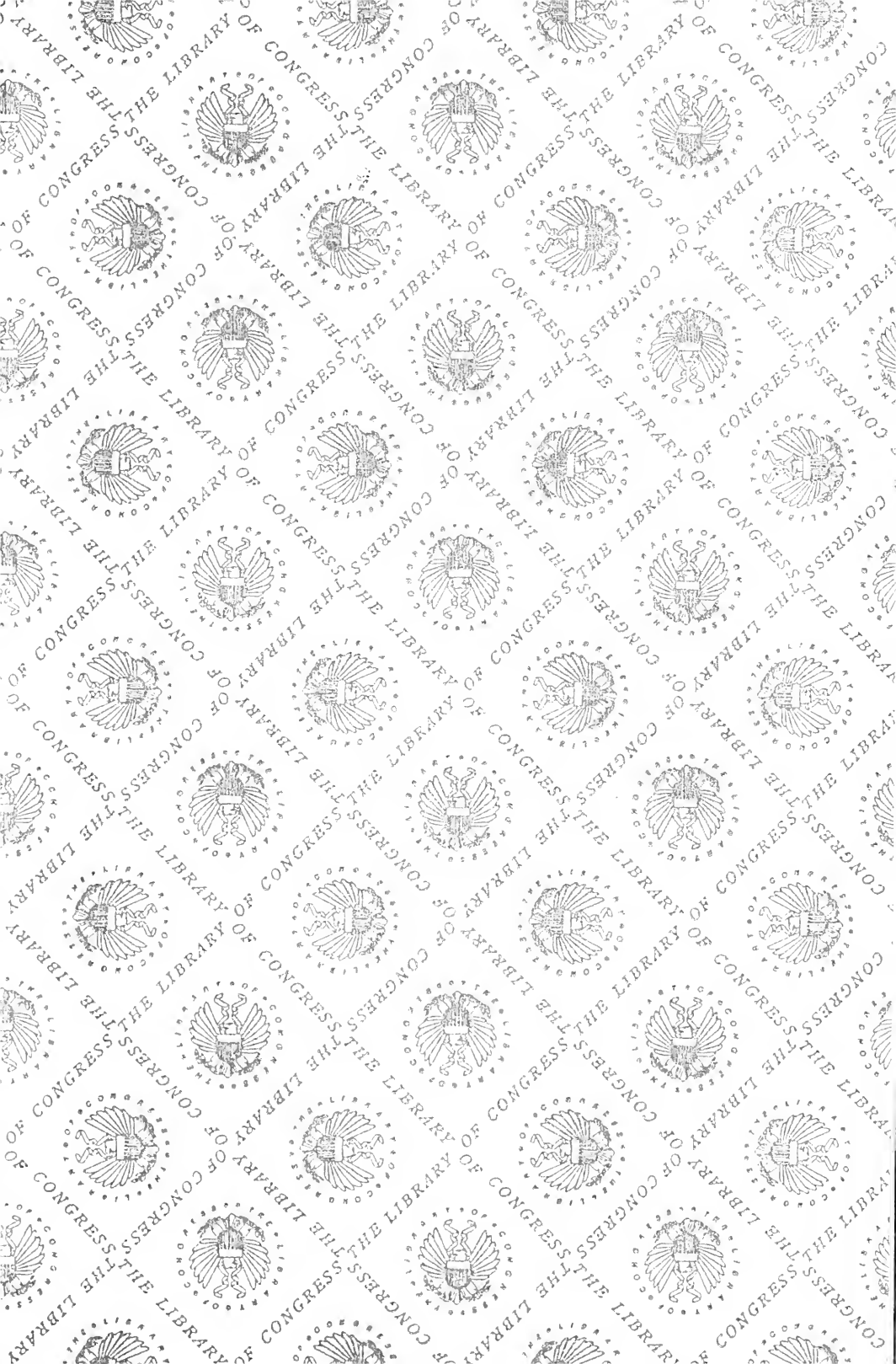


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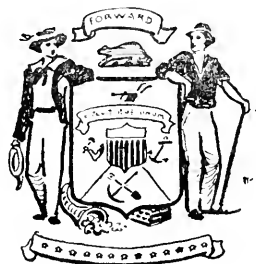


A PAGEANT OF THE OLD NORTHWEST

BOOK OF WORDS

A PAGEANT OF THE OLD NORTHWEST

By Thomas Wood Stevens



PRESENTED BY THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
MILWAUKEE, JUNE 15 AND 16

1911

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NOTE.—This pageant attempts to present, in a short space of time, a few of the most stirring events in the history of the Old Northwest. As the number of scenes is necessarily limited, only such as may be considered historical turning points are chosen; and further than this, the choice is governed by the availability of the material for dramatic representation. It is comparatively easy to represent an event; it is difficult even to suggest the development of a commonwealth. Hence the swift culmination of a frontier struggle is preferred to the more important but slow and undramatic progress of civilization.

In most cases the event itself is so presented as to make clear its culmination rather than the diverse causes, many of them remote, which brought it about. To do this, events which actually occurred during several successive days are sometimes shown as taking place in a single scene; and frequently conversations are transplanted from place to place; such liberties have their excuse in the compression which they bring about.

Numerous authorities have been consulted and the effort has been to make the work as accurate as possible.

Certain of the scenes are revised from the "Historical Pageant of Illinois" given at Northwestern University in October, 1909; but the greater part of the work is new.

T. W. S.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

White CloudDonald Robertson

EPISODE I

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

Father Marquette Oliver O'Boyle
Council Chief..... John McGalloway
Great Sachem..... Thomas Manning
Joliet. Roy Jaekels
An Old Chief..... Walter Heiser
Messenger Oscar Steinnon

EPISODE II

NORMAL SCHOOL ALUMNI

La Salle..... Henry Schnell
Tonty Harold O. Berg
Jolycoeur Henry D. Hill
Father Hennepin..... William F. Simmons
Father Membre..... O. G. Gilbert
Chief Nicanope..... G. E. Tiefenthaler
The Mohegan Hunter..... W. H. Hahn
An Indian Girl..... Olive Stemper

EPISODE III

NORMAL SCHOOL

Chief Pontiac..... W. H. Cheever
Chief of the Illinois..... B. L. Dougherty
Neyon, French Commandant.... Henry Rademacher
An Old Indian Chief..... Homer Hemenway
Calumet Bearer..... John Thiel

EPISODE IV

DRAMA CLUB OF MILWAUKEE

George Rogers Clark.....	Edward Thatcher
Rocheblave, French Commander.....	Charles S. Thompson
Raycliffe, English Traveler.....	Anson Eldred
Provosts of Dance.....	Charles Mercine
	J. E. Trelevan
A Young Lady.....	Miss Jean Stewart
A Coureur.....	Samuel Greeley
Pere Gibault, French Priest.....	Mr. Selsker Gunn

EPISODE V

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Cast from Walton Pyre School of Dramatic Art

Solomon Juneau.....	Mr. Chas. A. A. McGee
Josette Juneau.....	Miss Alma Krasemann
Ramsey Crooks.....	Mr. Solomon Gluckstein
Morgan L. Martin.....	Mr. Chas. Ewert
Judge Reaume.....	Mr. Arthur Neuman
James Duane Doty.....	Mr. Heinze
Pierre, a Voyageur.....	Mr. Jackson Towne
A Squaw.....	Miss Ethel Callen
An Indian Boy.....	Willie Andree
An Old Habitant.....	Mr. Frederick Fursman
Voyageurs	Mr. Delbert Swartout
	Mr. Guss Lass

EPISODE VI

THE KENWOOD CLUB

Governor Cass.....	Chas. E. Sammond
Colonel Dodge.....	Joseph H. Baker
A Lieutenant.....	Fred Schlatter
Major Whistler.....	Parker Moseley
Walking Turtle.....	Henry J. Hase
An Indian.....	Louis E. Ulrich
Red Bird.....	Donald E. Frank
Wekau	Frank Maas

EPISODE VII

THE GERMAN-ENGLISH ACADEMY NATIONAL GERMAN-AMERICAN TEACHERS' SEMINARY

1. Ansiedler	Manfred Warschauer
2. Ansiedler	Julius Binder
3. Ansiedler	Franz Freudenberg
Einwanderer	Edward Mueller
Handwerker	William Pariser
Schulmeister	Richard Niemann
Ein Bursche	Walter Ludwig
Junger Mensch	Theodor Dihke
Ein Wanderer	Carl Tell
Ansiedler	Lucius Hipke
Student	Adolph Rigast
Dr. Huebschmann.....	Robert Wild
Byron Kilbourn.....	Edwin Eschrich
Hon. Wm. A. Barstow.....	William Kunkel

EPISODE VIII

THE LOYAL LEGION

Governor Randall.....	Gov. Francis E. McGovern
Judge McArthur.....	Judge Franz C. Eschweiler
Colonel Starkweather.....	Col. J. A. Watrous
Mrs. Walker.....	Mrs. E. B. Parsons
Gen. Rufus King.....	Gen. Charles King

SCENE ONE

THE OLD NORTHWEST

The scene takes place in a village of the Indians along the Illinois River. It is derived, as far as Marquette's part in it is concerned, from his own account, and certain of the speeches are actually quoted from him. It is supposed to have taken place in the late summer of 1673. This scene is presented instead of the previous coming of Nicolet in the north, referred to by the Old Chief, because Marquette's explorations are of far greater moment in the history of the territory as a whole.

Characters:

Pere Jaques Marquette.

Louis Joliet.

The Council Chief of the Pottawattomies.

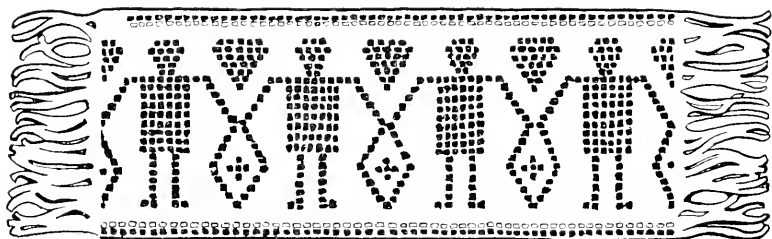
Great Sachem of the Illinois.

An Old Chief.

An Indian Messenger.

Five Frenchmen, followers of Marquette and
Joliet

Indians.



SCENE ONE

[The overture is heard in the darkness, drawing nearer and closing with a sound of drums. A light falls on the platform of the medicine lodge, at the side of the stage, and the figure of White Cloud, the Prophet, is discovered.]

WHITE CLOUD

Great Manitou, who livest in the sun,
Whose voice we hear amid the battling clouds,
Spirit who mad'st the world from the red clay,
And in the world the children of thy might,
I, the Foreteller, I the Prophet, call thee:
For in my peoples' councils I am wise,
And in the paleface councils am a child;
For I have fasted in the caves of tears,
Lain ear-to-earth to hear thy whisper, worn
Black warpaint of the prophet and the seer,
And lo, the medicine and magic of thy name
Are mine! Great Manitou, thy children fall,
And the long, bitter war trail nears its end.
Let me look back. The fields were rich. The smokes
Rose up from fire on fire along the hills,
And all our people, tribe on wand'ring tribe,
Prospered, and there was hunting for us all.
So say the old men. Now the day is gone
And the chill stars who dog thy westward track
Watch us with wintry eyes like wolves at night.
Manitou of the Oak, I call on thee,
For thou dost take the scalplocks of dead years,
To wear them in thy crimson autumn hood,
And living long, dost feed upon the hearts

Of the brave springs who sing beneath thy shade.
Thou dost remember. Tree gods, hear my spell
And breathe my medicine. Bring back the glow
Of our forgotten campfires; bring our chiefs
To their lost councils. Feed mine ancient hate
With visions of our wars, back to the dawn
When there had come no paleface to our lands
And our unhindered rivers were not shamed
With any burden of our enemies.
Teach me, red Manitou of Oak, the tale,
And let me hear, as when the old men make
Among the tepees their unending vaunt,
Thy winter-song. Oak, thou art tall. Thy head
Nuzzles against the clouds; and thou art old,
Much thou hast seen. Thou followest no trail,
So thou rememberest. Oak, I bid thee speak,
I bid thy shadows clear. I bid the morn
To burn anew—the red morn of our tribe.

[The light fades from the prophet as he ceases to speak, and the fires of the council encampment begin to glow. The Indians arouse themselves and make preparations for the Corn Dance; a long line of women bearing bundles of cut maize comes in; the smoke ascends from the altar of the Corn Manitou, and the chiefs begin the dance, leading the chant; then a second circle of the children is formed around the men; finally the women form their circle, outside of the children, and the dance continues, growing more animated. It ceases suddenly as the chant stops.]

THE CORN CHANT

Kitchemanedo,
Master of Life,
Made man of the pipe-clay
Alone;
Made woman of pipe-clay
To be his sister;
Made the Corn for her lover,
Her lord,
Last wooer, first lover,
Her comfort and lord,
So hath the Master of Life,
Kitchemanedo,
Sent us the Corn.

[As the chant stops, the Great Sachem of the Illinois enters, followed by his old men and warriors, and bearing the calumet.

GREAT SACHEM

Am I welcome?

COUNCIL CHIEF OF THE
POTTAWATOMIES

We dance, all our people, for joy that you have come.

GREAT SACHEM

Your tribe is gathered for thanksgiving—for the Corn Dance.
You enjoy a good harvest?

COUNCIL CHIEF

Our harvest has been rich. We have sent messengers to your great lodge with our tribute—the payment of the seed-corn.

GREAT SACHEM

The calumet goes round, and your people dance, and the harvest is full. But in the southward country our brothers are at war. The Iroquois and the Miamis band against us. The peace-posts are blackened. We must help our brothers.

COUNCIL CHIEF

Our young men shall take bows and axes, and cut down your enemies as the winter cuts down the dried corn.

GREAT SACHEM

So you have sworn upon the sacred fire and the red earth; and you have exchanged with us the calumets. But now, against the Miamis, we have a new war. The pale-faces from beyond the mountains have given to the Miamis their weapons of fire and thunder, and the Miamis drive our warriors before them as the red deer run before the hunting of the wolves.

AN OLD CHIEF

These thunders are foolish thunders. Listen to my speaking. I was a young brave. I came to the great council in the north, and there all our warriors trembled before one pale man. He was clad in the color of the sky, and on his blanket were herons, red and yellow and black. I remember. He came across the great waters; the birds played upon his garments; the thunder launched from his two hands; then he went away. He left no track. His thunders died upon the wind. These also will go and leave no track. I have spoken.

COUNCIL CHIEF

We have heard of these pale men. They are manitous.

GREAT SACHEM

This is light talk, this talk of manitous; but their medicine is strange and powerful. They smile, and speak of the love they bear us, but their thunders slay us from the thickets. There are pale-faces of two kinds, good and evil; so much we know. Your young men must be resolute.

COUNCIL CHIEF

Why should not we also seek the pale-faces and learn their witchcraft; it is folly of us to die and be no wiser.

GREAT SACHEM

Soon enough we shall learn it.

[A messenger enters and stands before the Great Sachem.

What word do you bring us, young man with feet like the wind?

THE MESSENGER (pointing southward)

The Black-Gown.

[A number of Indian children come running in after the messenger, all looking back over their shoulders. All faces turn in that direction. After a slight pause, Marquette enters, followed by Joliet and five Frenchmen bearing packs and canoes.

MARQUETTE

I am welcome?

GREAT SACHEM

I thank thee, Black-Gown, and thee, Frenchman, for the labor of your coming. Never shone the sun so tenderly as to-day; never rustled the ripe corn so pleasantly as now, since you are with us. Our river, which was so angry at the rocks which chafed it, flows calm and silent, since the canoes of the white men have passed. Behold, Black-Gown, I give thee my little son, that thou mayst know my heart. Thou art beloved of the Great Spirit. Ask him to cherish me and my people.

MARQUETTE (to Joliet)

Here, Louis, is my mission.

JOLIET

In all our travels we have seen no chief so gracious, no people

so well favored for the work of the Church. It may be, father, thou art right.

GREAT SACHEM

Black-Gown, one medicine I ask of thee. The pale-faces have given their thunder weapons to our enemies, the Miamis. Give us also weapons, that we may defend our lodges and our women.

MARQUETTE

If I gave you weapons, you would kill the Miamis, who are my children also.

GREAT SACHEM

We would defend our hunting grounds.

MARQUETTE

I bring you another word, my son—a word of peace.

[The Great Sachem turns aside to consult with his old men. Marquette makes a sign to his followers, two of whom go off; he then turns to Joliet. Louis, my friend, I have come to the end of my journey. Thou shalt leave me here. I have loved thee well, and while yet I live thy name shall not fail from my prayers.

JOLIET

While yet thou livest? What does that mean, father?

MARQUETTE

We have passed over many streams, and many portages. We have seen the Great River, and the Pictured Rocks, and the lake of the Illinois. No other Frenchman has seen them. Behold, how great a field for the Church, how wide a domain for the Cross. Louis, I have before me the task of my destiny, and I must not shrink.

JOLIET

Nor do I shrink, father. I will stay with thee.

MARQUETTE

Nay, my son. I have seen thine eyes wet when our carriers sang their songs of France. I have seen thee wistful, even to tears, when we have spoken of Quebec, the home thou didst leave to come with me. Thou shalt go on. I will remain. It is only for a little while.

JOLIET

It is true, I have longed for home.

MARQUETTE

I have known it, Louis.

GREAT SACHEM (coming forward again)

Black-Gown, dost thou refuse the weapons to me and my people?

MARQUETTE

(going back to his carriers, who have brought in a cross of white birch)

My children, I have for you no weapons. I desire that you shall live at peace with the Miamis, and the Iroquois, and all the forest people.

GREAT SACHEM

Then I and my tribes are to be slain, and thou wilt do nought to help us?

MARQUETTE

I will bring you my faith, as my brothers have taken it to the Miamis.

[A threatening murmur rises among the Indians, and some of the young men move toward Marquette.

GREAT SACHEM

And will thy faith shield us from our foes?

MARQUETTE

Yea, truly it will, for it is the faith of peace, and love. Behold, here I set up this cross for a sign.

GREAT SACHEM

The rains will rot it down, and the snows will cover it.

MARQUETTE

Not so, for it shall be in your hearts.

GREAT SACHEM

Thy medicine, Black-Gown, means nothing to us. We wish to know thee and thy Manitou; we were ready to be thy children, and thou dost offer us a sign of birch wood.

MARQUETTE

I bring you more than a sign, for I bring you truth. I will teach you of the life that dies not, and of the true God, and of

the Holy Church; I will teach you of the creation, and the redemption, and of the Blessed Virgin; I will make plain to you the law of Christ, which is the law of love. Kneel down, all you who seek the truth. Here I set the Cross, and here, while I may, I will abide.

[The Frenchmen kneel, then Indians, slowly, as light fades. At last only Marquette and the Great Sachem are left standing; then the Indian kneels, and the light fades wholly from the scene.]

SCENE TWO

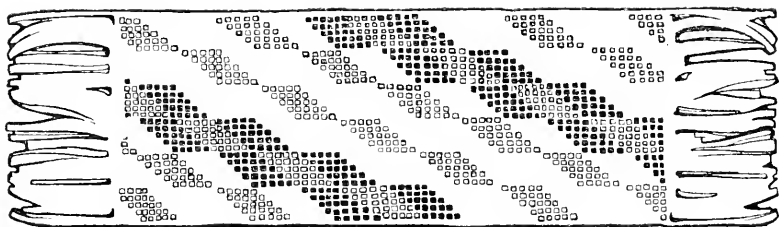
THE OLD NORTHWEST

Men of the parties of La Salle and Tonty Indians.

The place is still the village on the Illinois, ten years having elapsed. The special significance of the episode lies in the formal claiming of the land in the name of the French King—a ceremonial which took place at various points in the Northwest.

Characters:

Henri de Tonty.
Robert Cavelier de la Salle.
Friar Hennepin.
Friar Membre.
A Mutineer, called Jolycoeur.
Nicanope, an Indian Chief.
An Indian Girl.



SCENE TWO

WHITE CLOUD

Peaceful the Black Gown came. We welcomed him.
He taught his faith; we listened and we loved,
For he was patient, brave and kind. He lives
In drowsy annals of our winter nights.
But those who followed in the Black Gown's trail
Brought harsher magic and a hopeless war.
Seeking the paths that we had never trod,
They searched the blue horizons for some grim
And desolate issue to forbidden seas;
They spoke to us of mysteries, shoulder-wise,
As they with tireless footsteps hastened on.
So the four hunters in our mystic tale
Pursue each year the bear who never dies,
And stain the leaves of autumn with his blood
Till all the oaks and maples flame with woe,
And the still snows come down on them like sleep;
But in the spring the bear awakes, his wounds
Healed, and the hunters take their bows and strike
The chase that follows through the fruitless years.
La Salle, and Tonty of the Iron Hand,
Great Captains in this idle pale-face quest,
Came hither long ago, and claimed the ground
For some old king beyond the sunrise. These
Were strong-heart men, these finders of the way
Who hunted the great rivers to their ends—
Stern foes, whom fear could never shake. Behold,
Wan children of the sheltered lodges, these
Who faced the mystery with dauntless eyes
And trod our trails out with intrepid feet,
The Captains of the white man's outer march.

The same village; Tonty and his party are discovered, the others sleeping, Tonty watching by Marquette's cross.

TONTY

How strange a service is this, that I must watch by a Christian cross that was set here in the wilderness by our enemies. The wood may yield to us; the rivers may give up their secrets; but the hatred of those behind us will not abate. My Captain, this is a great endeavor, and we have fought hard in it, but the battle is not won. Little men bark at your heels for a few beaver pelts, while you look forward to see an empire. So be it, La Salle. Your vision is mine.

[Enter an Indian girl, Omawha's daughter.

THE GIRL

Iron Hand.

TONTY

Princess?

THE GIRL

Man with the iron hand, I have this to tell you. Turn back, for you and your chief are betrayed.

TONTY

My chief never turns back.

THE GIRL

You must all die if you go on. There has been council talk in the dark.

TONTY

Tell me of this council talk.

THE GIRL

The Miami, Monso, came last night. He spoke long to our old men. He brought presents from the Mascoutens and the Miamis. He said that the Sieur de la Salle would break our tribe in his hand, if our people let him pass. He said that you are all spies of the Iroquois. Turn back, Man-with-the-Hand-of-Iron, or our chiefs will slay you all. I have spoken.

TONTY

This is girl's talk.

THE GIRL

This is true-talk, Iron-Hand.

[She starts away from him.

TONTY

Stop, Princess, and tell me why?—

[She runs out, and is lost to sight. It is now dawn, and the village is waking up. Tonty turns to arouse his followers.

Rouse yourself, Jolycoeur. The Sieur de la Salle will soon be here from the portage.

JOLYCOEUR

Who was speaking with you, Tonty?

TONTY

A young squaw.

JOLYCOEUR

So it is not lonely for you on the watch. The young women come in the dawn to keep you company.

TONTY

She came to me in a matter concerning you, Jolycoeur.

JOLYCOEUR

Concerning me? And what did the young woman want with me?

TONTY

She wanted to buy you, knowing you were good for nothing to me, to keep the dogs away from her children.

JOLYCOEUR

Tonty, I am not one to endure insult forever.

TONTY

No, Jolycoeur. You have threatened much. I have not slept. I have heard your complaints, and your treasons; heard them long enough. You have dealt too much with our foes. I say nothing to Monsieur de la Salle, but I warn you. That is all.

[Enter an Indian messenger, the Mohegan hunter.
What word, Mohegan?

THE MOHEGAN

Monsieur de la Salle is come, Iron Hand.

TONTY

Fall in line, men.

[The Frenchmen of Tonty's party are drawn up in a line. The Indians of the village gather,

grouped around Nicanope and the other chiefs,
to see the new arrivals.

Enter La Salle, followed by Hennepin and the
men of his party.

THE MEN OF TONTY'S PARTY

(Cheering ironically)

Welcome to the Sieur de la Salle!

[La Salle salutes them coldly, and goes over to
Tonty, laying a hand on his shoulder.

LA SALLE

All has been well with you, Tonty?

TONTY

All has been well, my Captain.

LA SALLE

I thank God for that.

TONTY

I have information for you. Let me give it before you meet
the council.

[La Salle and Tonty walk aside, talking earnestly
in a low tone.

Father Hennepin approaches Father Membré,
who has been with Tonty's party.

HENNEPIN

Brother, I pray you, tell me all the marvelous adventures you
have endured since you came here, that I may set them down
in my record.

MEMBRE

In sober truth, Brother, we have endured none.

HENNEPIN

I cannot believe it—that you have been all winter in this un-
known wilderness, and have seen no strange sights, rejoiced
in no new perils.

MEMBRE

Nothing strange or new. We have been hungry. We have
maintained life in a village of savages who hate and distrust us.
We have baptized four children and one old woman. Some
of our comrades have left us, stealing our arms and our food

from us. We have seen the children of the Evil One at play around us.

Hennepin begins to write.

But no adventure—nothing strange or new. What do you write, Brother?

HENNEPIN (reading)

“Father Membré, a priest of unquestioned veracity, told me many curious adventures which befell the men of Tonty’s command while in the wilderness of the Illinois; and in particular of a dance of golden devils, up and down over the housetops of the savages, which he saw conjured by the evil powers of an Indian magician.”

MEMBRE

Brother, this is most unworthy, this writing of follies and lies.

HENNEPIN

[Still writing and reading.]

“When my party came to their rescue, Tonty’s command had been greatly reduced by deaths and desertions. We found them intrenched upon a great rock, and subsisting upon the leaves and bark of trees——”

MEMBRE

Intrenched upon a great rock——

HENNEPIN

Surely—the great rock at the turn of the river, two days paddling above. We marked it as we passed.

MEMBRE

And what is it, Brother, that you write?

HENNEPIN

The true history of my adventures in the great wilderness.

MEMBRE

And why do you make this relation?

HENNEPIN

Because, Brother, from my childhood I have loved more than anything the tales of travelers and seamen. When I was a boy I spent my days among the inns where sailors recount their voyages, listening, listening, listening. I, too, have endured hunger—for this. I have sickened at the smoke and the smells of the quays. But I have soared at the thought of the brave tales I heard there. You would not understand it.

MEMBRE

But if you love tales of true deeds, why do you write all this which is not true?

HENNEPIN

Brother, you are most unjust. You refuse to tell me of the adventures I desire more than life to hear about. You tell me that you have hungered, that you have seen the play of devils around you, that you have maintained life against the savages. I set all this down in my own way, and you cavil because you are not on a cliff I have chosen for you. The cliff exists. It is as true as the holy scriptures. You are not intrenched upon it, I admit; but that is due to the folly of your captain—not to any fault of mine. I pray you, pardon me. I must continue my history.

[The circle for the council is now formed, and Nicanope, the Illinois chief, rises to speak.

NICANOPE

My brothers, it is not alone that we may feast together that we meet here in our village. We would save you from the dangers you do not understand. You have said that you wish to go down our river, and even to the end of the Great River. You have given us presents, and we love you. So we tell you. This is not to be done. For the Great River of the Mississippi belongs to the evil manitous; in its waters are terrible serpents, and on its shores are tribes who let none pass, but take all such as travel that way, and devour them. And if by your great valor you escape the serpents and the shore-clans, you will at last be swept into a great waterfall, which plunges downward into a gulf too deep to be measured. Do not go, my brothers, but turn back. The Great Manitou, the Master of Life, forbids it.

LA SALLE

My Brother, only yesterday you gave your promise to Iron Hand that you would help me to go down the Great River. Have the serpents and the waterfall, and all this danger, come up in the night?

NICANOPE

Yesterday, my brother, we did not know.

LA SALLE

I thank you for the friendly warning which your affection bids you utter. But we were not asleep last night when Monso came to tell you that we were spies of the Iroquois. The pres-

ents he gave you, that you might believe his lies, are at this moment buried under your council lodge. If he told you the truth, why did he skulk away in the dark? Even now, while I am speaking, could we not put your chiefs to death, if we so willed? If you are our friends, our brothers, as you say, go after this Monso, and bring him back, that he may look me in the face. For I tell you, openly, that I will not turn back, now nor hereafter.

[The chiefs are confused by his knowledge and gather around Nicanope. Jolycoeur steps forward from the group of Frenchmen, and addresses La Salle.

JOLYCOEUR

These are brave words, Monsieur de la Salle, but they are foolhardy as well. We believe what the chiefs have told us of this river, and we can not find it in our hearts to go forward.

LA SALLE

You shall find it in your hearts to go where I bid you. There is no danger threatening you so imminent as my anger.

JOLYCOEUR

Monsieur de la Salle mistakes my meaning. He is a trader here, not a king. There are other traders in this wilderness. We are within our rights.

LA SALLE

So? You have been corrupted by my foes—by the nameless thieves who hide in these forests, and who trade outside the law? I command you in this wilderness by right of my commission, by edict of His Majesty.

JOLYCOEUR

This is no part of the king's domain. We are free here. We will not go on.

LA SALLE

Do you know that this is mutiny and treason?

JOLYCOEUR

I know we can not march forward to our certain death, merely to please you, Monsieur. This is the wilderness of the Illinois, not the parade ground at Fort Frontenac.

LA SALLE

You rebel against my authority. You must take your chance against me. As for the king's right, I shall prove you that.

JOLYCOEUR

If I must be your enemy—so be it. I am not alone.

LA SALLE

Are there no faithful men?

[Tonty comes up on one side, Hennepin on the other.

TONTY

You still have friends, my Captain.

LA SALLE

Here then is my answer. I claim this land for the king. I speak as Saint Lusson spoke at Sault Sainte Marie, and loyal men will hear me to the end.

[He draws his sword and steps forward, repeating solemnly the *Proces Verbal de la Prise de Possession*.

In the name of the Most High, Mighty and Redoubted Monarch, Louis the Fourteenth, Most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take possession of this land of the Illinois, and of all countries, rivers, lakes and streams adjacent thereunto; both those which have been discovered, and those which shall be discovered hereafter, from the seas of the North and the West to the South Sea; declaring to the nations thereof that they are vassals of His Majesty, and bound to obey his laws; and I promise them on his part protection against the invasions of his enemies. I bind all his subjects in this dominion to his laws, and to the authority of those who govern in his name, on pain of incurring treason against His Most Christian Majesty. And I warn all others against seizure and infringement, on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms. *Vive le Roi!*

[Hennepin and Tonty, who have knelt during this speech, rise at the end of it shouting,

TONTY AND HENNEPIN

Vive le Roi!

[The men break away from Jolycoeur and swing over to La Salle, all save five.

THE LOYAL MEN

Vive le Roi!

LA SALLE

Forward!

Jolycoeur and his mutineers persist for a moment, gazing at La Salle; then their heads drop, and they return to their packs. The Indians watch the movement without any show of feeling. The Frenchmen take up their packs and canoes and start down the trail. La Salle, Hennenpin and Tonty fall in behind them. As they pass from sight, two figures stand clear of the Indian group: Nicanope, who watches them in wonder, still holding his calumet, and the girl, Omawha's daughter, who follows alone to the center of the stage, looking after Tonty. She stands for a moment, irresolute, then turns slowly and goes back to the lodge. The lights fade from the stage, and the Prophet again appears.

SCENE THREE

THE OLD NORTHWEST

Pontiac, failing in his war upon the eastern garrisons, came West in 1765 to enlist the tribes against the English. He still had hopes of French assistance, and was to the last angry and incredulous, refusing to believe that the French dominion was over. The episode marks a turning point in the history of the Old Northwest, since it is directly concerned with the cession of the land from France to England.

Characters :

Pontiac.

An Illinois Chief.

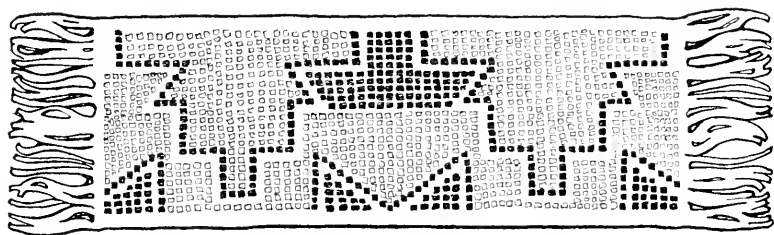
An Old Chief.

Neyon, French Commandant.

French Soldiers.

Indians.

The scene is suggested by Parkman in his "Conspiracy of Pontiac."



SCENE THREE

WHITE CLOUD

So cold this Captain was, La Salle, who burned
In secret with indomitable flame.
Our people knew, for we could understand
A heart which never showed how deep its wounds,
How grave its causes—we, the red folk, knew.
But there were little men of his own clan
Whose hate could never sleep. They tracked him down.
And after him the Winters and the Springs
Danced round the camp-fire of the shifting sun;
And braves, just come of age to hunt and woo
When Tonty of the Iron Hand was here,
Grew old, and sage, and died at last of years
Before another chieftain lived whom I,
The Prophet, raise to honor with my spells:
And when he came, he was an Ottawa,
A man of mine own race, who loved his land
And dared to battle with the robbers twain,
England and France, who bargained, field by field,
Our ancient hunting grounds away. This chief
Was Pontiac, the last of our high sachems.
And even now I hear his drums resound,
See his great war-belt swinging in the lodge,
And answer, in my heart, his dauntless call.

[The scene is still laid in the same village; eighty-five years have elapsed since the last episode; the Indians now gather, unwillingly enough, to hear the demands of Pontiac, who, after his defeats in the East, comes to rally the western tribes to resist the cession of the land to the English. The lights appear on the council as Pontiac enters. He exchanges the calumets with ceremony.]

PONTIAC

My children, as I have spoken before, so now I speak. This war is for the lives of our people, and the land which the Giver of Light made for our heritage. Listen to my speech, which is true talk. The English say the French have given them the land. But this could never be, since we have never sold our land. My children, our father, the French King, sleeps, and the English have seized his forts and his houses. But when the French King wakes—what then?

AN ILLINOIS CHIEF

We have heard all this, Pontiac. We own the land. We hate the English. But the English are very strong. What do you require of us?

PONTIAC

First, I give you these presents, that you may know my friendship.

[Pontiac's people bring forward some bales, and among other things, a large cask of brandy. He then produces a great war-belt, which he holds up before him as he speaks.

I require of you now some swift and true messengers, that I may send this belt to call together my people. Behold, in it are woven the totems of all my tribes and all my villages. Your messengers shall carry this, with my war call.

[Four Indians step forth to act as messengers.

Pontiac addresses himself to the four.

Take now my great war-belt, and go down your river, and down the Mississippi; wherever there is smoke of a village, stop and carry my word. Say that I, Pontiac, will drive back the English from the North and the East, and let them hold back those who come from the South. Let the rivers be closed. Let no canoe of the English pass, but sink it with lead and with arrows. I have spoken. You, who carry my war-belt, be faithful.

THE ILLINOIS CHIEF

We have given you messengers, brother, but our warriors can not help you in the East and the North. We are a peaceful folk, and our harvests have been poor, and our strength wanes. We can not war against the English.

PONTIAC

Then I will bring upon you my Ottawas, and the Miamis, and the Iroquois—all those who have hated you. I will burn up

your people and your tepees, as the fire eats the dried grass of the prairies.

AN OLD CHIEF

Our father, the commander of the French, will soon be here. Let us speak in peace until he comes.

PONTIAC

My father, the French King, will help me when I am ready. I will not wait. I ask of you now, my warriors, that the war-song begin; for if you fail me, you shall surely die.

[One of Pontiac's men seats himself on the ground and begins beating a drum. His people throw off their blankets and prepare for the war-dance. The cask of brandy is broached, and the Illinois crowd around it, drinking. A murmur of the rising war-song is heard. Enter Neyon, French Commandant, with troops. Pontiac proffers him a belt of wampum.

Father, with this belt I open your ears, that you may hear. I bring you this war-belt, that you may know I have not forgotten to hate the enemies of the French; that you may know I have not forgotten the black cloud which is over us all. I ask you, for the last time, that you will aid us against the English. Or if you will not do this, give us powder and lead, and we will raise the hatchet alone. For we know that the French King is old, and has slept, but is now awake again. And now we shall sweep the English from our lands.

NEYON

Pontiac, our hands are tied. Our father, the French King, has forbidden us to injure the English. With this paper he has forbidden us, and we dare not disobey. If you and your tribes are wise, you will cease this warfare and bury your hatchet forever, since our father, the King of the French, has given this land to the English.

PONTIAC

Your father, the French King, could not give our lands. He did not own our lands.

NEYON

With this paper our hands are tied. Untie this knot and we will aid you.

PONTIAC

You tell me the French King has yielded to the English—that

his scalp hangs in their lodge? Yet you hold in your hands my war-belt.

NEYON

I give you back your war-belt. Pontiac, our friendship is over.

PONTIAC

I, too, here drop from my hands the chain of our friendship. Take my defiance, Frenchmen. Against you, as against the English, my people will fight forever. This belt you have scorned; but I have sent from me another, woven with the totems of seven and forty tribes. By that belt I defy you—I and all my warriors.

[During the last speeches the Indians have been crowding around the brandy cask, behind Pontiac. At the last words, he draws himself up by the cask. Neyon gives a quick order to his men, and they file out. The Illinois chief, from the group around the barrel, lurches forward, clings to Pontiac for a moment, and then falls at his feet. There is a sound of drunken laughter. Pontiac stares for a moment at the figure on the ground before him, turns to the group and throws up his hand for attention. The Indians break into laughter and yells, and rush off in the opposite direction from that which Neyon has taken. Pontiac lays his hand on the cask; it is empty. He lifts it above his head and hurls it from him. The lights disappear, and in the gloom the Indians remove their encampment.]

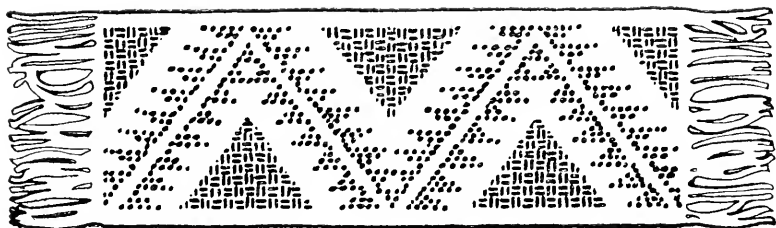
SCENE FOUR

THE OLD NORTHWEST

The post of Kaskaskia was taken by George Rogers Clark in 1778. The episode as presented follows the tradition of Denny's Memoirs, rather than the literal history of the event, in that the entrance of Clark upon the habitants' ball is enacted. The essential part of the scene, historically considered, is to be found in Clark's interview with Pere Gibault, and this is played in strict accordance with the recorded facts. While Clark merely claimed the territory for Virginia, it was by virtue of his possession of it that it was finally ceded to the United States.

Characters:

George Rogers Clark.
Captain Rocheblave.
Pere Gibault.
Mr. Raycliff.
A Coureur de Bois.
A Young Lady.
An Indian.
A Fiddler.
First Provost of the Ball.
Second Provost.
Inhabitants, guests at the ball.
French Soldiers.
Clark's Soldiers.



SCENE FOUR

WHITE CLOUD

Let now the moons change swiftly, and the Springs
Scatter the snows with their returning feet.
And let the years depart; I mourn them not.
Great Pontiac died, and for his mighty life
A vengeance fell upon the Illinois;
Keener than prairie winds it licked them up,
And all their treasons passed, like scalps that hang
Unprized amid the tepee's dust and smoke;
For Pontiac, though his war-belt fell apart,
And in his death was nothing glorious,
Loved well his land and folk, and hated well
The spoilers of his nation. Peace to him,
And fortunate hunting in the woods of Death.
The Frenchmen passed; they were our friends and brothers;
The English followed, and were foes to us;
And last the Long Knives, folk we never knew
And never loved, and never understood.
These Long Knives, kingless, driving men,—behold
How first they came, with Clark in the still night;
And how they laid new laws upon the land
And reared their cities where the red deer browsed
Before the Master of Life went back to sleep
And our Great Spirit ceased to hear our prayers.

[Kaskaskia, a grove in the village. Laughing groups of habitants, in festal array, come in with flowers to decorate the scene of the dance. They bring two small canopied booths, which are set up, one at each side of the stage, for refreshments and for the fiddler. At the back of the stage they erect a floral arch or doorway,

through which come the two Provosts of the Ball, who are to be the masters of ceremony. They instantly set to work ordering the guests, marshalling the girls along the left side of the stage, and the men along the right.

THE PROVOSTS

[Seating the guests in order.

Pray you, monsieur,—pray you, mademoiselle.

[Enter Commandant Rocheblave, with a guest, a young Englishman, dressed in the height of fashion.

THE PROVOSTS

Welcome to you, Monsieur le Commandant. We are honored supremely.

ROCHEBLAVE

Gentlemen, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Raycliff.

A PROVOST

We are enchanted. Monsieur Raycliff is an Englishman?

MR. RAYCLIFF

A traveller.

ROCHEBLAVE

We are all in the English service, Mr. Raycliff. At your service.

PROVOST

By your permission, Monsieur le Commandant, the dance may begin?

[Rocheblave bows, and the Provosts confer aside.
A coureur de bois enters, and goes immediately to the Commandant.

THE COUREUR

Captain, I beg to report—

ROCHEBLAVE

Wait till the dance is begun. I have a guest—

THE COUREUR

It is in haste. The Long Knives are up the river in force. They are coming down upon us, I am told.

MR. RAYCLIFF

Long Knives?

ROCHEBLAVE

The Americans, he means. I have heard this tale before. It is not possible.

THE COUREUR

I have reported, Monsieur le Commandant. They say that Clark commands them—Clark of Virginia.

[Mr. Raycliff is visibly alarmed. Rocheblave comforts him, and sends the Coureur off.]

ROCHEBLAVE

Be off, you'll alarm the ladies.

[Exit, the Coureur.]

These tales come every day. We no longer pay attention, Mr. Raycliff.

[Enter the Fiddler, amid a general murmur of approval. Rocheblave and his guests take seats, while the Provosts select the dancers, lining them up at the back, in couples, until seven couples have been chosen. The Provost at the right selects a young Frenchman; the Provost on the left selecting a young lady. The man comes forward, but the woman stands rebelliously still.]

THE PROVOST

Pray you, Mademoiselle.

THE YOUNG LADY

No, Monsieur le Provost, I will not dance.

THE PROVOST

Mademoiselle, the gavotte waits. Monsieur attends.

THE YOUNG LADY

It is not that I have been two years chosen queen of the king's balls. It is that I do not choose.

THE PROVOST

This is most unusual, mademoiselle. Most unusual.

THE YOUNG LADY

I do not choose to dance with the gentleman you have called. Besides, Monsieur le Commandant has a guest. Do the honored provosts know he does not dance?

THE PROVOST

[Speechless with rage:]

Mademoiselle!

THE YOUNG LADY

I have not heard the Provosts inquire of the guest. I do not know he does not wish to dance. Why not ask him? I will wait.

ROCHEBLAVE

[Coming forward.

Monsieur le Provost, I have a guest. May I beg for him the honor of a dance?

[The Provosts bow low, and Rocheblave turns to the rejected partner.

Monsieur, you place me perpetually in your debt. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kindness to my guest, Mr. Raycliff. Again I thank you.

[The Provost leads Mr. Raycliff forward and presents him; the young lady makes him a curtsy, and to the Provost another, ironically. The dance begins. The crowd has gathered, till the sides of the stage are crowded with habitant guests, soldiers and Indians. At the back there is still an open space, through which the shadowy figures of Clark's men can be seen marching past.

Enter, unnoticed, George Rogers Clark in the uniform of a Virginia Colonel, except that his boots are missing, and he wears moccasins. When the figure of the dance permits, he saunters over and leans against the tree, right center. An Indian, who has been sitting on the ground leaning against the tree, spies him and darts out, standing for an instant before Clark and then running suddenly to Rocheblave.

THE INDIAN

The Long Knives!

THE COUREUR DE BOIS

[Rushing in center and drawing up before Rocheblave.

The Americans! We are surrounded, Captain.

ROCHEBLAVE

[Coming down to confront Clark.

Silence. Who are you, sir?

CLARK

Colonel Clark, at your service.

[At the words, the crowd is seized with terror, and everything is in confusion. The women scream, the men shout, and in the distance the war whoop of the Indians is heard.]

ROCHEBLAVE

By whose authority do you come here?

CLARK

By the authority of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia. You are surrounded, Captain. Your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE

Insolence! Men, this gentleman is our prisoner.

[As the French soldiers move forward, the Americans rush in and support Clark, threatening the others with rifles and swords.]

CLARK

[With biting irony:

Gentlemen, I pray you, continue your entertainment. I speak for the Governor of Virginia. Monsieur Rocheblave, I must again demand your sword.]

ROCHEBLAVE

I will not surrender my garrison to your night prowlers. I will not——

CLARK

Put this man under guard. Disarm him. You have yet to know the measure of my severity, sir. I warn you, I can show no pity. I'll know whether we are to be openly defied or not. Search the town, and bring me all the Britishers you find. Let all keep within their houses, on pain of death, till I order otherwise.

ROCHEBLAVE

I protest, sir, against this savage mode of warfare—

CLARK

I am quite able to care for my part of this business. Take him out.

[The guests have been departing hastily during the last few speeches, the men conducting the ladies out. Clark watches them go, his brow lowering. At the last, the fiddler comes over to him, bows humbly, and offers his greeting.]

THE FIDDLER

Monsieur the new Commandant, I desire that you shall not forget me, when you decree that there shall be a dance, for the people of the post.

CLARK

I shall call upon you, Monsieur.

[The Fiddler, still frightened, but puzzled by Clark's manner, loiters by the gateway. Enter, Pere Gibault.

PERE GIBAULT

[Frightened, but intent upon his duty.

Is this the American commander?

CLARK

[Severely:

I am Colonel Clark, at your service.

PERE GIBAULT

I am a man of peace, Monsieur le Commandant, and know nothing of your war. I speak for my people, who are loyal subjects. I am called Pere Gibault.

CLARK

I am glad to meet you, sir.

PERE GIBAULT

I have come to speak for my people. Everywhere they beg for their lives, and the village is mad with fear. Monsieur le Commandant, I must know what their fate is to be. Are they to be slaves of the Americans?

CLARK

You do not understand, Mr. Gibault. We have come to free these people, not to enslave them. They are to be citizens, not subjects. Mr. Gibault, ours is a war for liberty, for justice. I must have order among your people. But they are free now, as they never were before.

PERE GIBAULT

And they are not to be driven from their homes by your "Long Knives"?

CLARK

Certainly not.

PERE GIBAULT

And they are not even to lose their property?

CLARK

Not a penny.

PERE GIBAULT

Tell me, Monsieur Colonel Clark, are they to be allowed to come to worship as they were?

CLARK

We have nothing to do with churches, save to defend them from insult. By the laws of Virginia, your religion has as great privileges as any other.

PERE GIBAULT

Monsieur Clark, my son, I am overwhelmed at your kindness. I am already, in my heart, a citizen of Virginia. I must tell my people.

[He starts to go, but returns.

Though I know nothing of the temporal business, I can give them some advice, in the spiritual way, that shall be conducive to your cause. God bless you, Monsieur Clark.

[Exit Pere Gibault. The Fiddler comes back, having lingered.

THE FIDDLER

I see that it will be necessary for me to play to-night. Our people will want music. I hear them already singing.

CLARK

You shall fiddle to-night under the flag of Virginia, sir. Strike your strings.

[As he speaks, the townspeople flock back, cheering and exultant. They cross the stage and go on, taking Clark with them.

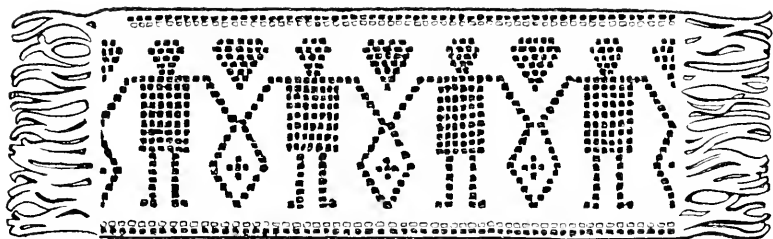
SCENE FIVE

WISCONSIN

The scene takes place on the site of Milwaukee; the date is between 1820 and 1832—various episodes which took place between these dates being used. The intention is to bring forward a number of characters prominent in the early annals of Milwaukee, and to show something of pioneer life and law when the fur trade was just beginning to yield precedence to agriculture and lumbering in the activities of the territory.

Characters :

Solomon Juneau.
Josette Juneau.
Ramsey Crooks.
Morgan L. Martin.
Judge Reaume.
James Duane Doty.
Juneau's Clerk.
Pierre, a Voyageur.
A Squaw.
An Indian Boy.
First Fur Trader.
Second Fur Trader.
An Old Inhabitant.
Francois Doneau, a Young Inhabitant.
Clerk of the Court.
Fur Traders, Voyageurs, Clerks.



SCENE FIVE

[Before Solomon Juneau's trading post, on the site of Milwaukee. A log house at the back, canoes drawn up, benches in the yard, and various goods and furs piled on rustic counters. Two voyageurs are loitering, smoking and playing cards, at the right of the stage. An Indian boy sneaks in from the left and tries to steal a blanket from the packs. Josette comes out of the cabin and catches him, holding him firmly while she upbraids the voyageurs.]

JOSETTE

Pierre! Jean! Why you let these red vagabonds carry off all our goods? Why you sit there and play and never stop this thieving?

PIERRE

We saw no thieving, Madame Juneau.

JOSETTE . . .

You see nothing! You sign the contract with my husband. You sign to watch his goods, to be faithful to him on trails and rivers and portages—you know what you contract. But here at the post you watch nothing. How we know you watch on trails—say that?

PIERRE

We regret very much, Madame Josette—

[The Indian boy struggles to free himself.]

JOSETTE

No, you young rogue, I'll not let you go. I caught you stealing; I hold you till Monsieur Juneau comes.

[A squaw comes in, calling the boy, softly. Josette turns to her.

So, you send your children to steal from our goods, eh?

[The squaw makes gestures of denial.

I take care of him.

[The squaw catches the boy by one hand, and tries to pull him away. Josette laughs and lets go. The squaw leads him down stage, stops and shakes him soundly.

THE SQUAW

You let her catch!

[She boxes the boy's ears and takes him off.

PIERRE

Madame, we pray you, do not charge to us this blanket, which the boy did not steal.

JOSETTE

Why should I charge to you the blanket?

PIERRE

It is the rule of the American Fur Company. The old company—they never charge; the American Company—they charge us for everything. This is hard for us poor voyageurs.

JOSETTE

I know the rule. We are to charge you when you risk losses. No, I will not do that. My father, he bought for the old Company. My husband, he buys for the new. It shall be the same.

[Enter Solomon Juneau and Morgan L. Martin.

MARTIN

I tell you, Mr. Juneau, this is the best townsite between Chicago and Green Bay. You may as well have it platted, and make ready to be mayor of a town.

JUNEAU

Josette, here is Mr. Martin.

JOSETTE

You are most welcome, Mr. Martin.

[She curtsies, and goes into the house, returning in a moment with glasses on a tray. Juneau and

Martin seat themselves on a bench, and spread out a map between them.

MARTIN

[Pointing from the map.

There, you see, is the river; here the bluff; down yonder the Indian village.

JUNEAU

And just here, you see, Monsieur Martin, I would lay out a public square, so.

[Two fur traders come in, followed by voyageurs and clerks, who throw down their packs and stand aside. The traders are greeted by Juneau, who calls a clerk to wait on them. The clerk brings them a cask of wine, and takes in exchange a pack of beaver skins. The traders call in their clerks and seat themselves by the cask.

VOYAGEUR'S SONG.

Each returning springtime
Brings so much that's new,
All the fickle lovers
Changing sweethearts, too.
The good wine soothes and gives me rest
While love inspires and fills my breast.
All the fickle lovers
Changing sweethearts still;
I'll keep mine forever,
Those may change who will. . . .

(Translation by Mrs. Mary A. Krum, of Madison.)

FIRST TRADER

These trails grow poorer each year. Indians catch less, and ask more for their pelts. This year among the Mascoutens I got nothing.

SECOND TRADER

I bought twenty packs among the Mascoutens.

FIRST TRADER

How could that be? They are not on your trail.

SECOND TRADER

They are on yours.

FIRST TRADER

They are on mine. I had pledged the Mascoutens from last season. They were in my debt for a dozen rifles.

SECOND TRADER

Fill your glass. The season is over. We are back from the trails. It is true the Mascoutens were in your debt. So they told me. It was on your credit I bought their pelts.

FIRST TRADER

[Starting up.

Mon Dieu! You have robbed me of twenty packs.

SECOND TRADER

Sit down, my friend. It is over, and next season you may have the fortune to rob me. It is all fair in the woods. Besides, I lost the twenty packs in a rapid, by the overturning of a canoe.

FIRST TRADER

[Making mental calculations of his loss.

Twenty packs!

[Enter, Ramsay Crooks and James Doty. They go over to where Juneau and Martin sit, and stand behind them for a moment, unnoticed, looking over the map. The two fur traders rise and bow ceremoniously to Crooks, who does not look at them. After watching Martin and Juneau for a moment, Crooks suddenly plants his boot in the middle of the map. Juneau leaps up, his hand on his knife.

CROOKS

Solomon, my friend.

JUNEAU

Eh, it's you, Monsieur Crooks.

CROOKS

Oui, oui, oui. It's I. Juneau, what is all this platting and scheming? Laying out a town, are you? That's all damned nonsense, my friend. It's just such work that's killing the fur trade.

JUNEAU

You will not see what you do not like, Monsieur Crooks. When my father-in-law, Monsieur Vieau, came here first, he camped one whole season and he saw only two white men.

This year, I see a hundred. The city comes after the hundred. You can not change that, Monsieur.

CROOKS

I know what you're thinking, Juneau. You Frenchmen are never happy unless you have a big settlement, and dances and singing in the winter. But mark me. This territory is a land of furs, and God meant it for the fur trade. It is best that it be bare and lonely, for then the trade is good. You build towns in it, and the trade is gone. Then where are you, Monsieur Juneau?

MARTIN

Mr. Crooks, if God meant this territory for the fur trade, why did he make its prairies so rich, and its woods so tall and straight along the rivers? There will come farms, and there will come a day when the rafts of lumber will float down the streams. Then there must be towns.

CROOKS

You know what I mean, sir. I have seen enough of your plats and schemes. You're a lawyer, sir—strangling the free country with legal tangles, like this.

[A clerk comes over to Juneau.

THE CLERK

Judge Reaume is here, sir, to hold court to-day.

CROOKS

What did I say. More of this infernal legal business, sir.

JUNEAU

Bring out a table for his honor.

[The clerk goes for the table. Judge Reaume enters, with a train of clerks and servants. He greets every one ostentatiously, and immediately takes his seat, intent on getting the day's work over as soon as possible.

CROOKS

The country, I tell you, is simply governed to death.

JUDGE REAUME

Gentlemen, this court is now in session. What is the first case.

AN OLD HABITANT

I complain against Francois Doneau, your Excellency. He has taken my daughter and married her.

JUDGE REAUME

Is this your complaint?

THE OLD HABITANT

Yes, Excellency. He has married her without my consent.

FRANCOIS DONEAU

I had her mother's consent, your Excellency.

CLERK OF THE COURT

[Writing down the record.

. . . Had her mother's consent.

JUDGE

How did you get that?

FRANCOIS

She liked me from the first. There was no ground for objection to me. I should have had her father's consent as well, but that I played a game of sledge with him.

CLERK

. . . Game of sledge with him.

FRANCOIS

I won seven pelts and a pair of fox traps, Excellency.

CLERK

. . . Pair of fox traps.

JUDGE

And then you asked for his daughter?

FRANCOIS

Yes, your Excellency.

JUDGE

I foresee that you also have a complaint to lodge. What is it, young man?

FRANCOIS

When I asked for his consent, he threw the beavers at me, and he lashed me on the head with the fox traps, so that I was blind with anger, and my head was greatly cut by the traps.

For which, as I understand it, being an assault under the law, I hold he should be punished.

CLERK

. . . He should be punished.

JUDGE

And what did his daughter do then?

FRANCOIS

She came to my camp to anoint my wounds with fresh bear's grease, and her mother with her. And having her mother's consent, and Pere Dominic being near, I married her.

CLERK

. . . I married her.

THE OLD HABITANT

Without her father's consent, and against his will, your Excellency.

CLERK

. . . Against his will.

JUDGE

How long ago was this?

FRANCOIS

Two years ago come Michaelmas.

CLERK

. . . Come Michaelmas.

JUDGE

Have you any witnesses?

THE OLD HABITANT

I would have my wife, but she is caring for my daughter's baby, your Excellency.

JUDGE

And what could she prove if she were here?

FRANCOIS

She could testify to his breaking my head with the fox traps.

THE OLD HABITANT

She could testify to this man having married my daughter without my consent, your Excellency.

JUDGE

I've heard all that. You are both wrong. You bring me one load of hay. You bring me one load of wood. The case is settled.

[The Judge dismisses court, and settles down at the bench where the two traders have the cask of wine.

CROOKS

So that's your idea of law, is it? You want this country cut up into plots to fatten the justices and the lawyers. I tell you frankly, sir, that civilization in this territory is a fraud. And it is plain that the law, in this territory, is rubbish.

MARTIN

You are speaking in your own interest, Mr. Crooks.

CROOKS

In whose interest did your judge decide that case?

JUDGE.

I regret to observe, sir, that you are not showing a proper respect for the majesty of the law.

CROOKS

Majesty of fiddlesticks! On what law are you acting, sir? What code is your authority?

JUDGE

I warn you, you are placing yourself in peril of contempt.

CROOKS

I am taking my own chance as to that. I find this territory filled with useless matters, and I take them into my own hands long enough to inquire about them. Will you answer me, Mr. Reaume—who appointed you a justice?

JUDGE

I will answer you, sir. I was a justice before the forts were given up. Then when you Americans came in, I was continued in my office, by commission from the Governor of Indiana, sir.

CROOKS

Just as I thought, gentlemen. What authority has the Governor of Indiana in this wilderness. Let me see your commission, sir.

JUDGE

I haven't it by me, sir. My position is recognized here, and I have no need for such a document.

JUNEAU

Gentlemen, let us have no hard words. We know Judge Reaume. It is well that there be someone to administer the law. Now that so many people are coming into the territory, and there are to be towns built, we need him more than we ever did before.

CROOKS

Here is the height of your folly, Juneau. This town scheme will be your ruin, and all the lawyers will crowd about to lick up your fortune.

MARTIN

For my part, gentlemen, I am in favor of getting at the root of this matter. For the good of such permanent settlers as may come into the territory, I hold we should know in just what manner we are governed, and by whom is justice rightly administered among us.

CROOKS

You hold we should know, sir. So do I. I represent some property here, in the name of the American Fur Company. How are we governed, Judge? I know who holds the law over us, such as it is; who threatens us with contempt; who settles the disputes between our boatmen. But for government, under God and the Company—what have we?

JUDGE

By heaven, sir, your speech is anarchy and treason.

JUNEAU

Gentlemen, gentlemen, let us have peace.

CROOKS

I am for peace, Juneau, but I still wait to be answered, and the interests of the Company are attacked in all this talk. For I tell you, openly, that I believe the Company to be supreme in this territory, and I demand to know on what ground this is questioned.

JAMES DOTY

I can tell you that, Mr. Crooks. You ask for the fundamental law of the land. Here it is, though it may not be to the letter the law which Judge Reaume sets forth.

CROOKS

What law is this you have?

DOTY

It's old law now, called the Ordinance of '87. It is a full and a just law; it appoints governors and provides for the appointment of judges. It sets forth the common law to be followed, and the rights of all men under it. It provides for the settlement of the land, and looks forward to the building of cities. It provides that no person shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship; that religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged; that the utmost good faith shall be observed toward the Indians; and that there shall be, in the said territory, neither slavery nor involuntary servitude. . . . All this, Mr. Crooks, and it never once mentions the American Fur Company.

JUDGE

Young man, may I see that document for a moment—merely to refresh my memory, sir.

CROOKS

Gentlemen, I seem to have been mistaken. Come down to my camp, and I will make you a proper and satisfying apology. After you, Judge.

[They all troop off, leaving Solomon Juneau alone. He goes and picks up the map, smoothing it out carefully.]

JUNEAU

Josette, come here. I wish to show you my city. I would have you see the steeples of it, and the square, and the many good people, all going about their business. I would have you see the sails in our harbor, and the towers along our hills. No, Josette, I am not dreaming. We shall see it—you and I—our city.

[The lights fade from the scene.]

SCENE SIX.

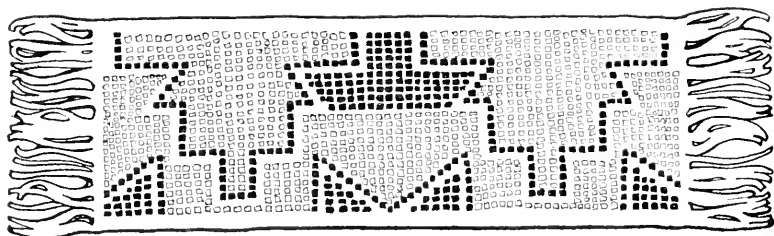
WISCONSIN

Soldiers and Indians.

The uprising of Red Bird took place in 1826. The scene as enacted presents conferences and events actually taking place at different times and places, but the sequence of these events is historical. The final scene took place near Portage, Wisconsin.

Characters:

Governor Cass.
Henry Dodge.
Major Whistler.
Walking Turtle.
Red Bird.
A Scout.
A Lieutenant.
A Sentry.
An Indian Messenger.
Wekau.



SCENE SIX

WHITE CLOUD

The bird whose clamorous wings in thunder beat,
Whose eyes flash lightnings, year on starving year,
Has taken flight into the quiet south;
And yearly have the corn lands laughed in green,
And yearly have my people's wanderings
That were so wide on forest lands and clear
Grown narrower. We live by fruitless trade
With foes who press us close. We touch the pen
To luckless treaties, with unwilling hands.
The white men seized our mines, where we had dug
Metal for hunting through a hundred years;
They seized our trails; we gave our beaver pelts
For their dark medicines of life and death;
They seized our soil, and with unresting plows
Made our broad prairies burn with yellow grain;
So they grow rich, while we slink in and out,
Poor ghosts amid the frozen stalks of corn
That wail beneath the bleak wind's cruel feet.
Not all! For Red Bird held his people's law,
The law of double vengeance for the slain.
Behold, how in the white tents and the towns
He cast a spell of fear; how swiftly rose
The pale-face warriors on his smoking trail,
And how at last his death song saved his tribe.

[Governor Cass and Colonel Dodge are discovered.
A Scout is reporting to them the signs of trouble
among the Indians.]

DODGE

This is all you have to report, then? Bands seen moving along

the Fox? Gathering above Red Bird's town, eh? Heard of a house burned down along the Green Bay Trail, eh?

THE SCOUT

That's about all, Colonel. Looks to me like they're coming down on us in force.

DODGE

Mere opinion, sir.

THE SCOUT

More than that, Colonel. They know the troops have marched out of Fort Crawford, and they think they were retreating.

DODGE

Unwise move,—to evacuate the Fort.

CASS

Unwise observation—to criticise one's superiors.

DODGE

No offense. The Indians know we've left Fort Crawford; but they know as well that the men are all at Fort Snelling. Our force is the same as ever.

THE SCOUT

They have spread a report that two Winnebagoes held in the Fort have been killed. That's where the trouble comes from. I know Red Bird. They mean to go on the war path.

CASS

They will do nothing of the kind.

THE SCOUT

Have it your own way, Governor. I've made my report.
[The Scout salutes and goes off.]

CASS

Two years ago I made treaties with all the tribes in this territory. They fixed their boundaries and swore peace with us. They complained of the price, and the supplies, and the whiskey, but they swore the peace. This is a critical time for the territory. I mean they shall keep their treaties.

DODGE

Yet all the reports are warlike. Red Bird has taken scalps. Last night a man reported to me—a man who saw two keel-

boats come in at Prairie du Chien riddled with bullets—three dead men in their crews.

CASS

Still, they shall keep their treaties.

DODGE

We are on the defensive, Governor. We have not the forces—

CASS

We must get the forces.

DODGE

We have sent word, written reports, urged our need. They say we have cried "Wolf!" too often.

CASS

Colonel Dodge, I will get the men. Hold this camp until Major Whistler comes. Report to him. My compliments. The Winnebagoes will be here for conference. Let him be firm with them. I am going for troops.

DODGE

Where will you find them?

CASS

I will send a troop from Prairie du Chien. Another from Galena. And a force up the river from Saint Louis.

DODGE

You are setting out to go a thousand miles through hostile country.

CASS

I shall waste no time. My compliments to Major Whistler. Good bye, sir.

DODGE

Good bye, Governor.

[Cass turns as he is about to go off.]

CASS

One point of advice, Colonel. Get Red Bird, and the fighting will be over.

[Exit Governor Cass.]

DODGE

[To a Lieutenant.]

Have my horse saddled, Lieutenant. When Major Whistler comes, I'll ride down to the lead mines and raise a troop.

THE LIEUTENANT.

Major Whistler is already in sight, sir.

DODGE

Very good. That must mean the Winnebagoes are coming here for a council.

[Enter Major Whistler with his force of soldiers and Stockbridge Indians.

Glad to see you, Major. Is the time for the council set?

WHISTLER

The Winnebagoes are to meet me here.

DODGE

Our reports have all been threatening. Governor Cass has started for Saint Louis to bring more troops. He advises us to hold firmly, and to capture Red Bird if possible.

WHISTLER

That is precisely my plan for the campaign, sir.

[Enter a Sentry.

THE SENTRY

The chiefs are crossing the river, sir.

DODGE

I leave you to your council, sir. I will raise what force I can among the miners. That at least will help to calm the panic in the settlements. Good luck to your talk, Major Whistler.

[Dodge mounts and rides off.

[The Chiefs file in, seat themselves, and begin to smoke.

WALKING TURTLE

Our father, the chief of the white men, has called us. We are his children. We are his hungry and homeless children. We have come. What is it that you wish to say to us. Our ears are open.

WHISTLER

I desire only to remind you of your treaties. I would recall to you the words to which you have touched the pen, the words which have been given to the great white father at Washington. You have sworn to leave the eastward lands, and to hunt in the north. Yet I find you eastward. You have sworn friend-

ship with us, yet I find that the hands of Red Bird are dark with blood. We too have sworn friendship. So I have not sent my soldiers against you, but have called you here, that we may smoke in peace, and speak of our treaties.

WALKING TURTLE

It is true that we have hunted eastward, but we have been hungry. It is true that Red Bird has taken scalps. It was in revenge, according to the law of our tribe. Your soldiers are few. The price was small. We are weary of this treaty. What would you have us do?

WHISTLER

It is true that my soldiers are few, but I have thousands on the march hither. It is not true that the price was small. It is not true that Red Bird killed because of the law. Hear then what I have to tell you. You shall abide by your treaties, or I will break down your tribe forever. You shall hunt in your own hunting grounds. And lastly, you shall send to me Red Bird and Wekau, the killers of white men. Both of them you shall send me, and they shall be tried according to the white man's law. This is justice, this is the word of the treaty. If you do not so, your tribe must perish.

WALKING TURTLE

I have heard your words, father. They are harsh words, and our young men love them not. But we have felt your anger. We know the winter of the war-trail, and how dark it is for the women and the children. We know our treaties. Here our fathers hunted, and the land was theirs. We have given it up. We pass onward. But for Red Bird and Wekau, they are our brothers. We can not give them up to you. If they will sing their own death songs, then there shall be peace. If they will not, we must defend our brothers. I, Cari-mi-nie, war chief of the Winnebagoes, have spoken. I pass onward, I and my people.

WHISTLER

I shall wait here for Red Bird.

[The council breaks up, and the chiefs file out, small presents of tobacco having been distributed among them. Whistler watches the chiefs until they have been lost to sight. When they are gone, he swings about and gives sharp orders.

Double the sentries. Lieutenant, take four men and watch the ford. Stand ready to fall back at once.

LIEUTENANT

Are we to look for firing, sir?

WHISTLER

I can't say. Be ready. I have given them our ultimatum. If Red Bird refuses to give himself up, they will attack.

[The Lieutenant and four men go off. There is a moment of silence, and then scalp yells are heard from the direction taken by the chiefs. The men in the camp spring to attention.]

Scalp yells—taken or yielded—God knows.

AN INDIAN

[Coming in and standing before Whistler.]

Do not strike. Red Bird and Wekau—they will come in.

[The Indian goes out, the sentry falling in beside him.]

ANOTHER SENTRY

They're coming back, with a white flag, sir.

LIEUTENANT

It is Red Bird, singing his own death song.

[Enter Walking Turtle and other of the chiefs, carrying a white flag. Red Bird and Wekau walk between them. Red Bird is in full chief's dress.]

WALKING TURTLE

They are here. Like braves they have come in. They give themselves up, that our nation may not feel your anger. Like braves they have come in. Do not put them in irons.

[Red Bird seats himself, lights his pipe at the camp fire, smokes a moment, and then rises gravely.]

RED BIRD

I am ready. I do not wish to be put in irons. I do not wish to be bound. Let me be free. I have given away my life. It is gone—like that.

[He picks up a pinch of dust, and lets it blow away from between his fingers.]

It is gone—like that. I would not take it back.

[He put his hands behind him and goes over to Major Whistler. At a sign from Whistler, soldiers fall in before and behind Red Bird and Wekau. The chiefs march out, and the lights disappear.]

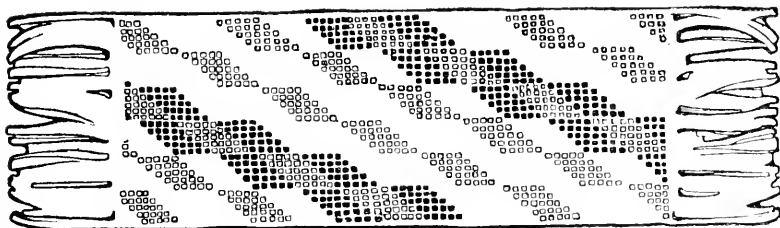
SCENE SEVEN.

WISCONSIN

The scene is supposed to take place during the early summer of 1848. It marks the admission of the State of Wisconsin, through the final ratification of the Constitution, and treats also of the coming of the German settlers who were refugees from the revolution of that year, and who have been so important a factor in the growth and development of Wisconsin. The German words of the prose scene, and certain of the verses, are by Mr. G. J. Lenz, of the German English Academy, Milwaukee.

Characters:

Dr. Huebschmann.
Byron Kilbourn.
William A. Barstow.
A Student.
1 Ansiedler.
2 Ansiedler.
3 Ansiedler
Einwanderer
Ein Handwerker
Der Schulmeister
Ein Bursche
Der Junge Meusch
German Settlers and Immigrants.
Crowd at the meeting, marchers with torches, etc.



SCENE SEVEN

WHITE CLOUD

Manitou of the oak, thy whispering leaves
Are not so many as the marching feet
Thou makest sound upon mine ears. I hear
The last great war-dance of my people; hear
The voice of Black Hawk chanting loud the war-song.
But we were poor, and we had felt the pang
Of hungry snow-times. We were filled with sleep
While Black Hawk and his band fought out alone
Our last dark battle. As thy whispering leaves,
Oak, season after season, came the march
Of the pale onward nations: blue-eyed men
With yellow hair, came singing through the forests;
With a strange speech they spoke, and toiling long
Cleared corn lands from the wood, and reared new towns
Where we had only paused beside a portage.
Each summer found their far flung houses deeper
Within our hunting grounds. Each year Mondamin,
God of the corn-gift, gave the strangers comfort.
Here now, behold the white man's council; see
The gifts the new tribes bring ere they are one
With the old tribes, to weave the belts of state;
And hear their war-drums thundering. They go forth
To seal their riven blood-bonds. They too hold
Only by battle what they build in peace.

[A grove in Milwaukee; a speaker's stand decorated with flags at the back on one side. The occasion is a political meeting in the spring of 1848. A group of German pioneers came in, waiting for friends from abroad to come up from the harbor. Another group, laden with immigrant

luggage, appears from the other side. There is a general clamor of joy, and the two parties greet each other, all speaking in German. Dr. Huebschmann welcomes a group at the right of the stage, across from the speaker's platform. Snatches of song are heard. A young student from the group of new arrivals discusses their coming with Dr. Huebschmann.

1. ANSIEDLER

Hast du schon gehoert, das Schiff ist im Hafen.

2. ANSIEDLER

Wir haben's einfahren sehen; ob wohl mein Bruder mitgekommen ist?

[Enter, a group of newly arrived immigrants.

EIN DRITTER

So gib doch Acht mit deinem Koffer, du brichst mir ja das Kreuz.

EINWANDERER

Dann hilf mir tragen, ich bring's nicht mehr vom Platz.

EIN HANDWERKER

Was schleppst du dich mit deinen Buechern ab? Was! ein ganzer Packen! (Nimmt eins der Buecher) Auch den Homer dabei! Den willst du wohl den Indianern vorlesen oder dem Wild im Wald?

DER SCHULMEISTER

Nein, aber meinen Kindern. Auch mir selbst, wenn ich einmal Muse habe.

EIN BURSCHE

(Zu einem mit Narben bedeckten jungen Manne mit Soldatenmuetze) Na Hansjoerg, wo hast denn du diesmal gerauft, du siehst ja gut aus.

DER JUNGE MENSCH

Da fragt nur die Liesel. Das war anders als bei der Kirchweih. Unser Recht wollten wir uns holen, nur blutige Koepfe haben wir uns geholt. Aber immer noch besser so als auf die Festung.

DER BURSCHE

Nur Mut Landsmann, Gott verlaesst keinen Deutschen.

EIN EINWANDERER

Wir zogen hinab den Rhein,
Die Andern lachten und sangen,
Doch mir die Thraenen, die Thraenen mir,
In meinen Augen sprangen.

Die Andern tranken froh den Wein,
Der eine der schlug die Zither.
Mir war es, als spraengen die 'Saiten all',
Und der Wein, er schmeckte mir bitter.

EIN ANSIEDLER

Hier auch rauschen die deutschen Eichen,
Freudig wollen zum Bunde wir reichen
Buerger den Buergern die Bruder hand
Feder und Pflug, die Waffen des Friedens,
Wollen wir fuehren! Es ruhe das Schwert,
Treu im Hoffen, im Leben und Sterben,
Bleiben des deutschen Stammes wir wert.
Hierher kamen aller Zonen bunte Kinder,
Dass zu neuem Volk sie sich verbaenden
Und ein bluehend Land ersteh geschwinder;
Keines aber kam mit leeren Haenden.
Lasst uns Deutsche darauf denken,
In dem Wettstreit aller Erden
Unser Land am reichsten zu beschenken,
Und der Voelker edelstes zu werden.
Und haetten wir sonst nichts zu bringen,
Was hoch uns ueber alle stellt:
Vom deutschen Herzen soll man singen,
Im deutschen Herzen schlaegt das Herz der Welt.

DAS TREUE DEUTSCHE HERZ.

1. Ich kenn' ein'n hellen Edelstein von trefflich hoher Art,
In einem stillen Kaemmerlein, da liegt er gut verwahrt.
Da liegt er gut verwahrt.
Kein Demant ist, der diesem gleicht,
So weit der liebe Himmel reicht,
So weit der liebe Himmel reicht.
Die Menschenbrust ist's Kaemmerlein,
Da legte Gott so tief hinein
Den schoenen, hellen Edelstein,
Das treue, das treue deutsche Herz.

2. Fuer Pflicht und Recht, fuer Wahrheit, Ehr' flammt heisz
es allezeit!
Voll Kraft und Mut schlaegt's hoch und hehr fuer Tugend,
Froemmig-keit,
Fuer Tugend, Froemmigkeit.
Nicht schrecket es der Menschen Spott,
Es traut allein dem lieben Gott,
Es traut allein dem lieben Gott.
Der ganze Himmel, klar und rein,
Er spiegelt sich mit lichtem Schein
Im schoenen, hellen Edelstein,
Im treuen, im treuen deutschen Herz.
3. Wohl weisz ich noch ein gutes Wort, fuer das es heisz
entbrannt:
Das ist sein hoechster, heil'ger Hort, das teure Vaterland,
Das teure Vaterland!
Treu haengt's an ihm, verraet es nicht,
Selbst wenn's in Todesschmerzen bricht,
Selbst wenn's in Todesschmerzen bricht.
Kein schoen'rer Tod auch kann es sein,
Als froh dem Vaterland zu weihn
Den schoenen, hellen Edelstein,
Das treue, das treue deutsche Herz.
4. Nimm, Gott, mir alles, was ich hab', ich geb' es freudig hin;
Nur lasz mir deine schoenste Gab', den treuen deutschen
Sinn!
Dann bin ich hochbeglueckt und reich,
Kein Fuerst auf Erden kommt mir gleich!
Und soll mein Leib begraben sein,
Dann setz' in deinen Himmel ein
Den schoenen, hellen Edelstein,
Mein treues, deutsches Herz.

THE STUDENT

It is well, my dear Dr. Huebschmann, that some of us learned to speak English. And we can never thank you enough for your warning about the difficulties of travel in America.

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

I know, my friend. It is shameful. They lie in wait for such as you, from the docks at New York all the way to this very spot. You are strangers and they find it easy to fleece you.

THE STUDENT

Not so easy, my dear Doctor, since we knew what to expect. And everywhere the people seemed to know we were bound for Wisconsin. It was the one word we heard everywhere—advice to come here—offers to guide us here—always Wisconsin. In New York a man offered to drive us here—to Wisconsin—in a cab. Why is this? Is there no other state where we might find homes and a welcome?

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

Homes and a welcome—yes. Citizenship in one year—no. You have endured a bitter struggle for liberty, and out of the storm of it you have come here for refuge. But you, who have fought for citizenship, can not sit passively and wait for it. So you come to Wisconsin, where the laws are hospitable.

THE STUDENT

This is a kindly State, Doctor. We shall not prove unworthy of its hospitality—we Germans.

[The lights have gradually gone down during the scene. Sounds of an approaching procession are heard.

Ah, the glory of this free country! The generosity and wisdom and justice of it!

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

Wait and see, my son. You get here your first glimpse of American politics. It is not all generosity, and justice and wisdom. Wait and see.

[A torch-light procession enters, bearing banners and transparencies in favor of Cass for President, and against Zachary Taylor. Mr. Byron Kilbourn, Mayor of Milwaukee, presides over the meeting.

MR. KILBOURN

Fellow-citizens, we are met here on a most auspicious occasion. We have to celebrate the admission of our State into the Union, the thirtieth star to be set upon the field of blue. The Constitution of Wisconsin, twice submitted to the suffrages of the people, has at last been ratified, and we now enter into our lawful position as citizens of the Republic. And now we have before us, for our choice and election, two candidates for the high office of President of the Republic. Two

men whom we of Wisconsin know well, and between whom we are to decide according to the great principles of the parties for which these two men stand. Fellow citizens, it is well that the merits of these men, and the issues now before the Nation, should be made clear to you. Therefore, I present to you, as the speaker of the evening, the Honorable William A. Barstow.

[Shouts and cheers for Barstow. Also groans and hisses from unfriendly partisans.]

BARSTOW

Fellow citizens, I do not rise to speak to-night with any malice toward my political opponents. I recognize the right of honest men to differ in political opinions. I see readily enough how an honest man can be a Whig. But it is not so easy to see how a man can be intelligent, and at the same time—a Whig.

[Cheers and laughter from the crowd.]

I for one would be the last to speak a word against the high reputation of General Zachary Taylor. I remember him, as the Colonel of a Federal regiment in Wisconsin. He was a brave and an able officer. My only complaint against him was his habit of thinking he was a Whig.

General Taylor was called to the battlefields of Mexico; he helped to carry the stars and stripes to the halls of Montezuma—as the Whigs are forever reminding us. He came back in the blaze of a great military reputation. Then someone remembered he had called himself a Whig, and instantly the whole corrupt and shameless phalanx of designing demagogues in the Whig party pounced upon his military glory, and he found himself entrapped into the task of leading the Whigs to defeat. It is a pitiable spectacle, this descent of a good soldier into the slime and decay of the Whig party.

But it is of another man, a far greater man, that I speak to-night. For where General Taylor is a soldier merely, our candidate, fellow citizens, is a soldier and a statesman; a giant in battle, a wise man in council, a master of the science of government, recognized throughout the civilized world. Fellow citizens, to fire your hearts with the loftiest emotions of honor and patriotism; to make this grove ring with the kindling thunder of your affectionate applause; to lift our glorious flag as with a gust of rapture to the very stars, I have but to speak the name of the most illustrious Democrat—the name of Lewis Cass.

[Loud and continued cheering. As the cheers subside, the Student turns to Dr. Huebschmann.

THE STUDENT

It is very strange, Doctor. I have not yet heard of this great man—this Lewis Cass.

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

He is a great man, my friend, for all that.

THE STUDENT

And these Whigs—are they so bad as he says?

BARSTOW

It was Lewis Cass who saved Wisconsin from the savages twenty years ago; and it was our misfortune that he was not a resident of Wisconsin last year, that he might have saved it from the foreign hordes who are now devouring our God-given heritage.

[Shouts of “No, No!” from the crowd.

Fellow citizens, I am not to be put down for all your shouting. I see here in this meeting the man who is mainly responsible for our infamous naturalization law, the law which gives to an ignorant alien the rights of citizenship in one year. I am an American, my friends, and I believe in America for Americans——

[Cheers, groans and shouts of “Know Nothing!”

I ask you, fellow citizens, why we should give our State over into the hands of men who can not speak our language, men who have been implicated, for the most part, in rebellion and sedition in their own countries, and who bring the seeds of rebellion amongst us? I ask you what else they bring?

[He pauses for a reply, and Dr. Huebschmann speaks quickly.

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

If you mean what you say, I can tell you.

BARSTOW

I ask you, what have these Germans to add to the glory of the American people?

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

I should like to answer that, Mr. Moderator.

[Mr. Kilbourn raps for order.

BARSTOW

I should like to know, fellow citizens, why I am continually interrupted by this Dutchman?

[Shouts of approval and of defiance from the audience.]

MR. KILBOURN

I must ask you to maintain order, Dr. Huebschmann.

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

In the ignorant alien countries, Mr. Moderator, where civilization prevails, the speaker would not be considered to maintain order while he insults members of his audience.

MR. KILBOURN

This is a country of free speech, sir.

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

It is because of that, sir, that I presume to answer the speaker's question. Is this an open meeting, Mr. Moderator?

MR. KILBOURN

I so understand it.

BARSTOW

Mr. Moderator, I protest against this arrogant interruption——

[Cries of "Fair play," "Give the Dutchman a chance," "Let him hang himself!" etc.]

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

Have I the floor, Mr. Moderator?

MR. KILBOURN

Dr. Huebschmann——

DR. HUEBSCHMANN

I thank you, sir. You ask what we Germans bring you, and I rise to answer. It has been said that we bring the seeds of sedition. It is true that the men and women who come from the Fatherland this year, and who will come hereafter, are filled with a flaming hatred of oppression. It is true that they have fought against kings and tyrants, even as your grandfathers fought in the revolution which freed your land. Where lies the difference? In Germany the tyrants are too strong, and those who love freedom are in flight. They have fought

as best they could, and have lost the struggle; but they have not lost their vision. You say that I have worked for this naturalization law—which you call infamous. You are right. I have fought for it, because through this law our State—this State of Wisconsin, may draw to herself these men and women who hold consciences higher than their fortunes. These people are not simply peasants, driven by the lash to secret and bloody revolt. They are scholars, poets, statesmen. They bring with them a desire for liberty which has been tested by the fires of battle. They bring the thrift and industry which have already built a nation under the very heels of injustice. They bring their binding sense of individual and civic duty, their respectful submission to just laws, their moral fervor and deep-hearted love for home and kindred. They bring the philosophies of the noblest universities in Europe, the science, the learning, the light. They bring the literature and the art of a cultured people—Goethe and Schiller, Mozart and Beethoven. They bring the splendor of their idealism, and they ask only that they be given justice and the right to serve the State.

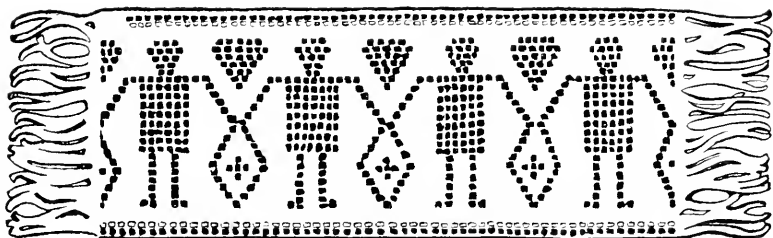
[There are cheers from the crowd, and the procession forms again, marching off into the night.

SCENE EIGHT

The episode on which the scene is founded took place in the spring of 1861. The speeches made by the different characters are the actual speeches made to the men of the First Regiment, though not all of them were actually delivered on the same occasion.

Characters:

Colonel Starkweather.
Judge McArthur.
Mrs. Walker.
Governor Randall.
General Rufus King.
Men of the First Wisconsin.
Visitors to the camp.
The Governor's Staff.



SCENE EIGHT

[Camp Scott, Milwaukee, spring of 1861. The tents of the First Wisconsin seen at the back of the stage. The lights come up gradually; reveille sounds. The day's work in the camp begins. Parties of visitors arrive, friends and relatives of the soldiers. The scene is one of expectancy and animation. Snatches of song are heard. Then a sound of approaching crowds, and the whole camp is thrown into action as the words "Marching orders," begin to be heard. These words fly from one to another until their effect pervades the whole camp. A drum is heard off stage. Colonel Starkweather and a group of officers come in. The friends and relatives crowd to the sides. An order is given, "Fall in." This is repeated at varying distances at the back. The troops form in two sides of a hollow square. Governor Randall comes in with General Rufus King, Mrs. Walker with Judge McArthur. Colonel Starkweather addresses the regiment.

COLONEL STARKWEATHER

The orders for which you have waited so impatiently have come. The regiment starts for the front to-day.

[Cheers from the soldiers.

And now, in the name of General Rufus King, I have the honor of presenting to the regiment a piece of the flagstaff of Fort Sumpter, cut by General King from the staff, by consent of Major Anderson, and engrafted into the flagstaff of this regiment. And I call upon every officer and man to see that such

staff and such colors are carried forward to the foremost point of the fight; and that in no event shall such colors or staff be disgraced.

JUDGE McARTHUR

Men of the First Wisconsin, you carry into battle the firm conviction of the justice of your cause, and the high and unshaken love of your country. You carry also the memories of the mothers who bore you, and the loving prayers of the women of this city and of the State of Wisconsin. I have the honor to introduce to you one who brings you a message from the faithful women whom you are about to leave at home, Mrs. George H. Walker.

[Cheers.]

MRS. WALKER

In confiding this banner to be upheld by your strong arms and dauntless hearts, we feel that you will never permit a hostile or a traitor's flag to assume the place of the glorious and unsullied Stars and Stripes, which have been, by the blessing of God, and ever shall be, the symbol of our national glory. The ladies who have prepared this beautiful standard have adorned its azure field with a star for every state in the Union, making thirty-four in all. We have made no distinction, selecting some and excluding others, but have embraced our whole country with all its luminaries shining, for we can recognize no secession from the glorious sisterhood of the States.

[Amid the cheers of the soldiers, Mrs. Walker delivers the standard, Colonel Starkweather placing himself at the head of the troops, facing Governor Randall.]

GOVERNOR RANDALL

The time has come when our troops are called upon for active duty. The Government calls you to its aid. We all feel the sadness of the hour and the errand, but the times require that we should meet it manfully. There are among you many who are my friends, and I know the courage that is in you. You go to represent the loyalty of your State. You go to declare that Wisconsin is true to the Union. The State of Wisconsin asks you to do your duty, and asks it with full confidence in you, that you will be her faithful and true representatives in declaring her loyalty and fidelity to the laws. I bid you farewell.

[The colors are dipped in salutation to the Governor. A great cheer goes up, and the regiment marches off to "The Star Spangled Banner." The group left behind, the Governor and his staff, the ladies with Mrs. Walker, and the various civilian characters, remaining on the stage, wave handkerchiefs and sing lustily at first. Then, as the music grows more distant, and the lights begin to dim, their action changes to grief. Slowly they pass off, in the opposite direction from that taken by the troops.

WHITE CLOUD

Manitou, these are idle things. I see
Through all this flame and fight, the winter fall.
We come from barren councils home to beg
For food. And while we stand aside and sulk,
Desiring war but never daring it,
The pale-face beaver peoples build their dams,
The furrows creep across the hunting grounds,
And foolish treaties bind us to our woe.
Their beaver work stands firm against the frost,
While eagles flee before the winter stars;
We watch the leafage of our state drift down
While here they build another, fashioned strong
In laws we may not learn, and mysteries
They offer us too late. For us the trail
Leads on to night. Great Manitou, my prayer
Is granted, and my darkened eyes behold
The ruin of our nations. Oak, I make
My sacrifice to thee, and so depart
Wise in thy bitter dream, uncomforted.

[After the Prophet's last speech there is a slight pause, and the Pioneer's Chorus is heard. To this the various characters of the pageant march past, in reversed chronological order, Marquette and the Great Sachem coming last, and followed by the Prophet, alone.

PIONEER'S CHORUS

Not ours the roads the Romans laid,
Not ours the old-world, trodden way,
Nor any path beneath the shade
Of ancient law or sceptered sway;

No cypresses in ordered lines,
 No towers upon the beetling crest,—
Our trails are linked across with vines,
 We find new ways, and may not rest
Until we know the hidden streams
 That stray from out the guarded West.

We search the lakes out, shore by shore,
 Till all the waters shall be known
As our familiar trading lore,
 By star and sun and landmark stone;
The rivers we must break to bear
 The argosies of coming peace,
And virgin lands must learn to wear
 The mantle of the golden fleece;
We may not pause for death or fear
 Nor turn until our need shall cease.

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